

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers,
No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

HAUNTED!

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY AUGUST BELL.

I am but one,—the summer sun
Shineth down brightly as I pass,
Yet do I dream that there doth seem
Another step upon the grass,
When naught but the roses red I see,
And the merry birds in the green elm tree?

I am alone,—the midnight moon,
The mystic moon, shineth full on me,
There is no speech in the sandy beach,
Nor soul in the billowy sea.
The sandy beach and the sea are all,—
Then whence did that meaningless shadow fall?

I am alone,—the silent air,
The speechless fields are all that's near,—
There is no friend a word to send,
To reach me through the distance drear.
Even the birds are still, on the tree:—
Wifat whispered that terrible thing to me?

A LIFE'S SECRET.

BY MRS. WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS,"
"THE MYSTERY," "EAST
LYNN," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XII.

AN AYOWAL.

Daffodil's Delight was in all the glory of the lock-out. The men, having nothing to do, improved their time by employing themselves; they stood about the street or lounged at their doors, smoking short pipes and quaffing draughts of beer. Let money run ever so short, you will generally see that the beer and the pipes can be found. As yet, the evils of being out of work were not felt; for weekly pay, sufficient for support, was supplied them by the Union Committee. The men were in high spirits—in that sort of mood implied by the words "Never say die," which was often in their mouths. They expressed themselves determined to hold out, and this determination was continually fostered by the agents of the Union, of whom Sam Shuck was a chief. Many of the more temperate, who had not particularly urged the strike, were warm supporters now of the general opinion, for they regarded the lock-out as an unwarrantable piece of tyranny on the part of the masters. As to the ladies, they were over-warm partisans, generally speaking; they made the excitement, the unsettled state of Daffodil's Delight, an excuse for their own idleness, (they are only too ready to do so,) and collected in groups round the men, proclaiming their opinion of existing things, and boasting that they'd hold out for their rights till death.

Seated in a chair at the bottom of her garden, just within the gate, was Mary Baxendale. Not that she was there to join in the gossip of the women, or had any intention of joining in it: she was simply sitting there for

Mary Baxendale was fading. Never very strong, she had, for the last year or two, been gradually declining, and, with the excessive heat of the past summer, her remaining strength appeared to have gone out. Her occupation, that of a seamstress, had not tended to keep her in health; she had a great deal of work offered her, her skill being superior, and she had sat at it early and late. Mary was very good, very conscientious, and she was anxious to contribute a full share to the home support. Her father had married again, had now two young children, and it almost appeared to Mary as if she were an interloper in the paternal home. Not that the new Mrs. Baxendale made her feel this; she was a bustling, hearty woman, fond of show and spending, and of setting off her babies; but she was kind to Mary.

"Why did you not send my uncle word, Mary?" spoke Florence, impulsive in the cause of good as she had been when a child. "I am sure he would have come to see you."

"You are very kind, miss, and Dr. Bevarey, also," said Mary. "I could not think of troubling him with my poor ailments, especially as I feel it would be useless. I don't think anybody can do me good on this side the grave, sir."

"Tush, tush!" interposed Dr. Bevarey.

"That's what many sick people say; but they get well in spite of it. Let us see you a bit closer."

He went inside the gate, and casually examined her; felt her pulse, her chest, her skin; looked at her fixedly, especially at the inside of the eyelids. "How do you feel?" he asked, standing before her, when it was over. "What are your symptoms?"

"I am just sinking, sir, as it seems to me, sinking out of life, without much ailment to tell of. I have a great deal of fever at night, and a dry cough. It is not so much consumption as—"

"Who told you it was consumption?" interrupted Dr. Bevarey.

"The women about here call it so, sir. My step-mother does; but I should say it was more of a waste."

"Your step-mother is fond of talking of what she can know nothing," remarked Dr. Bevarey. "Neither can the women. Have you much appetite?"

"Yes, and that's the evil of it," struck in Mrs. Quale, determined to lose no opportunity of—pounding her view of the case. "A pretty time this is for folks to have appetites when there's not a copper being earned."

"Poor Mary, in her patient meekness, would have subsided into her grave with famine, rather than complain of what she saw no help for."

"Did you have an egg at eleven o'clock?"

"Not this morning. I did not feel greatly to care for it."

"Rubbish!" responded Mrs. Quale. "I may say I don't care for the moon, because I know I can't get it."

"Your cupboard need not be axay the emp-
tier for a lock-out," said Dr. Bevarey, who sometimes, when conversing with the women of Daffodil's Delight, would fall familiarly in to their mode of speech.

"No, thank goodness; we have been pro-

vident than that, sir," returned Mrs. Quale. "A pity but what others could say the same. You might take a walk through Daffodil's Delight, sir, from one end of it to the other, and not find half a dozen cubbarts with plenty in 'em just now. Serve 'em right they should put by for a rainy day."

"Ah!" returned Dr. Bevarey, "rainy days come to most of us as we go through life, in one shape or other. It is well to provide for them."

"And it's well to keep out of 'em where it's practicable," wrathfully remarked Mrs. Quale. "There no more need have been this disturbance between masters and men, than there need be one between you and me, this moment, afore you walk away. They be just idiots, are the men, and the women worse, and I am tired of telling 'em so. Look at 'em," added Mrs. Quale, directing the Doctor's attention to the female ornaments of Daffodil's Delight. "Look at their gewgaws, in jags, and their dirty caps! they make the men's being out of work an excuse for their idleness, and they just stick themselves out there all day, a crowding and a gossiping."

"Crowding!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Crowding, every female one of 'em, like a cock upon its dunghill," responded Mrs. Quale. "There isn't one as can see an inch beyond her own nose. If the lock-out lasts, and starvation comes let 'em see how they'll crow then!—I'd be on the other side their mouths, I fancy."

"Money is dealt out to them by the Trades' Union, sufficient to live," observed Dr. Bevarey.

"Sufficient not to starve," returned Mrs. Quale. "What is it, sir, to them as have enjoyed their thirty-five shillings a week, and could hardly make that do, some of 'em? Look at the Baxendales. There's Mary, wanting more than she does in healthy air, and craving for it. A good bit of meat once or twice in the day, an egg now and then, a cup of cocoa and milk, or good tea—not your wishy-washy stuff, bought by the ounces—how is she to get it all?" The allowance dealt out to John Baxendale keeps 'em in bread and cheese; I don't think it does in much else."

They were interrupted by John Baxendale himself. He came out of his house, touching his hat to the Doctor and to Florence. The latter had been leaning over Mary, inquiring softly into her ailments, and the complaint of Mrs. Quale, touching the short-comings of Mary's comforts, had not reached her ears.

"I am sorry, sir, you should see her so poorly," said Baxendale, abiding to his daughter. "She'll get better, I hope."

"I must try what a little of my skill will do towards it," replied the Doctor. "If she had sent me word she was ill, I would have come before."

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played irony he had once used to her mother. "The young lady whom people envy as Miss Hunter! What if I tell you a secret—that you have no—"

"Be still!" should Austin. "Are you a man, or a demon? Miss Hunter, allow me," he cried, grasping the hand of Florence, and drawing her peremptorily towards Peter Quale's door, which he threw open. "Go up stairs, Florence, to my room—wait there until I come to you. I must be alone with this man."

Florence looked at him in amazement, as he pushed her into the passage. He was evidently in the deepest agitation: every vestige of color had forsaken his face, and his manner was authoritative as any father's could have been. She bowed to it power unconsciously, not a thought of resistance crossing her mind, and went straight up stairs to his sitting-room—although it was not precisely orthodox for a young lady so to do. Not a soul, save herself, appeared to be in the house.

A short colloquy and an angry one, and then Mr. Gwinne was returning the way he came, and Austin was springing up the stairs, five at a time.

"Will you forgive me, Florence? I could not do otherwise."

What with the suddenness of the proceedings, their strangeness, and her own doubts and emotion, Florence burst into tears—Austin—lost his head. In the agitation of the moment he suffered his long-controlled feelings to get the better of him, and spoke words that he had long successfully repressed within him.

"My darling!" he whispered, taking her hands. "I wish I could have shielded you from it! Florence, you know—you must long have known—that my dearest object in life is you—your happiness, your welfare. I had not intended to say this so soon, it has been forced from me; you must pardon me for saying it here and now."

She gently disengaged herself, and he allowed it. Her wet eyelashes fell on her blushing cheeks like a damask rose glistening with the morning dew. "But this mystery—it does seem one," she exclaimed, "is not that man (Gwinne, of Ketterford?)?"

"Yes."

"Brother to the lady who seemed to cause so much emotion to papa. Ah! I was but a child at the time, but I noticed it. Austin, I think there must be some dreadful secret. What is it? He comes to our house at periods, and is closeted with papa, and papa is more miserable than ever after."

"Whether there is, or is not, it is not for us to inquire into it. I hastened you in," he quickly went on, not caring to be more explanatory, and compelled to speak with evasion. "I know the man of old, and his language is sometimes coarse, not fitted for a young lady's ears, so I sent you in. Florence," he whispered, his tone changing to one of the deepest tenderness. "I shall win you if I can. I have your leave?"

She made no answer, only ran down the stairs. Austin laughed as he followed her. Mrs. Quale was coming in then, and met them at the door. She looked astonished.

"See what it is to go gadding out!" cried Austin to her. "When young ladies pay you the honor of a morning visit, they might find an empty house, but for my stay at home prepossessions."

Mrs. Quale turned her eyes from one to the other of them, in doubt how much was joke.

"The truth is," said Austin, vouchsafing an explanation, "there was a rude man in the road, talking nonsense, so I sent Miss Hunter in doors and stopped to deal with him."

"I'm sure I am sorry, Miss Florence," cried unsuspecting Mrs. Quale. "But, bless you! we often have rude men in this quarter they get hold of a drop too much, and when the wine's in the wits out, you know, miss."

Austin piloted her home, through Daffodill's Delight walking by her side, possibly lest any more "rude men" should molest her.

In the dusk of that evening he was sitting alone with Mrs. Hunter. Mr. Hunter had not returned; for that he had gone out of town for the day, was perfect truth. Peter Quale had escaped as Austin came in.

"It has been my hope for years," he was earnestly saying, as he held Mrs. Hunter's hands, in giving the explanation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter, do you think he will give her to me?"

"But, Austin—"

"Not yet, I do not ask for her yet, not until I have made a fitting home for her," he impulsively continued, anticipating what may have been the possible objection of Mrs. Hunter. "With the two thousand pounds left to me by Mrs. Thorne, and a little more added to it, which I have myself saved, I believe I shall be able to make my way."

"Austin, you will make your way," she replied, in a tone of the utmost confidence and kindness. "I have heard Mr. Hunter himself anticipate a successful career for you. Even when you were, comparatively speaking, penniless, Mr. Hunter would say that talent and energy, such as yours, could not fail to find its proper outlet. Now that you have inherited the money, your success is certain. But—I fear that you cannot win Florence."

The words fell on his heart like an icobolt. He had reckoned upon Mrs. Hunter's countenance, though he had not been sure of her husband's. "What do you object to in me?" he inquired in a tone of pain.

"Austin, I do not object. I have long seen that your coming here so much—and it was Mr. Hunter's pleasure to have you—was likely to lead to an attachment between you and Florence. Had I objected to you, I should have pointed out to Mr. Hunter the impolicy of your coming. Like you, there is no one in the world to whom I would so readily entrust the happiness of Florence. Other mothers might look to a higher alliance for her; but, Austin, when we get near the grave we judge with a judgment not of this world—Worldly distinctions lose their charm."

"Then where is the doubt?" he asked.

"I once—it is not long ago—hinted at this to Mr. Hunter," she replied. "He would not hear me out; he would not suffer me to conclude. It was an utter impossibility that you could ever marry Florence," he said: "neither was it likely that either of you would wish it."

"But we do wish it; the love has already arisen," he exclaimed, in agitation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter—"

"Hush, Austin! calm yourself. Mr. Hunter must have some private objection, and I never inquire into his motives. You must try and forget her."

A commotion in the hall. Austin went out to ascertain its cause. There stood Gwinne, of Ketterford, insisting upon seeing Mr. Hunter.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1862.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

CORRESPONDENTS.

One of the so-called Christians—as he signs himself—inform us, not in the most courteous and Christian manner, that a recent paragraph copied into the *Post* relative to the rise of a "new sect, called the Wine-brenarians," is an error—and that the sect alluded to, are the well known people calling themselves "Disciples of Christ," or "Christians," founded, we believe, by Thomas Campbell. By the way, why is it that all sectarian writers are so apt to be deficient in courtesy?

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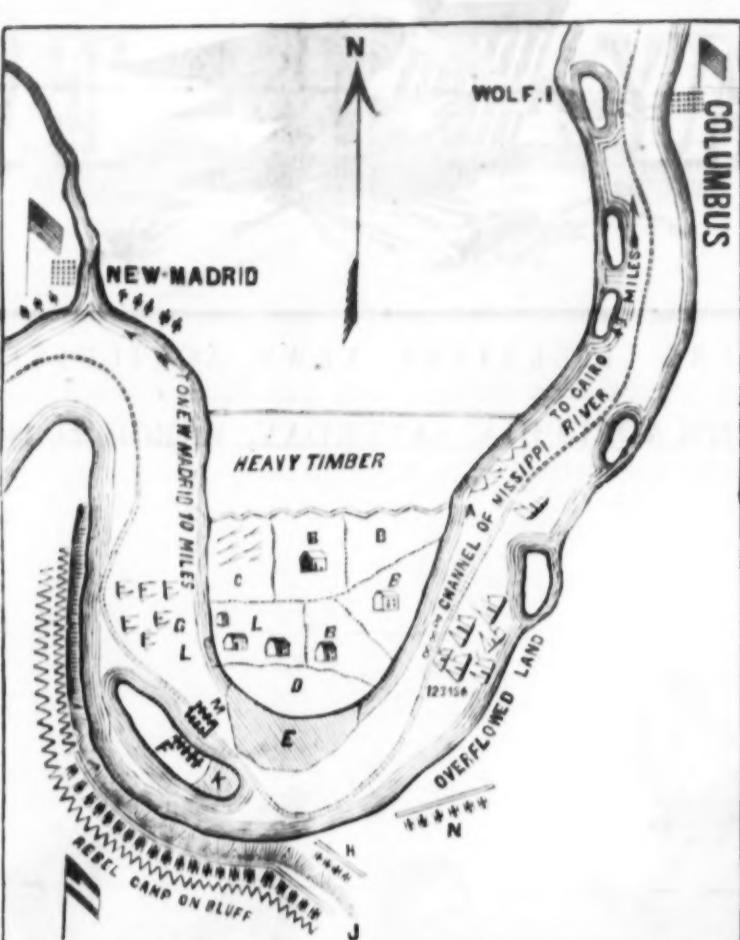
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ISLAND NO. 10.

EXPLANATIONS.

The country back of the bluffs, where the rebel camp is situated, for miles is high and rolling, making some of the finest farms in Western Kentucky.

A—Federal transports.

B—B B B—Farms.

C—Fallen timber.

D—Low land, covered with small cotton-wood trees and now overflowed.

E—No. 10 bar—very dangerous.

F—No. 10 Island.

G—Rebel gun-boats.

H—Water battery—eight guns.

I—Bluff batteries.

K—Tow Head, at the head of the island.

L 1 2 3 4 5 6 7—Federal gun-boats.

S 8—Federal mortar-rafts.

L L—Tipton landing.

M—Rebel floating battery.

N—Rebel battery—six guns.

This island is perhaps capable of a more stubborn resistance than Columbus. Battery supports battery, commanding the upper river approach, the bend of the river and the approach from New Madrid. More than eighty guns, it is said, bear upon every direction in

which forces can advance by the river. The Union gun-boats and mortar-flats have kept up an unremitting and well-directed fire, night and day, upon the rebel works. They have been stationed a little over two miles above the island batteries, though not more than a mile distant from the upper battery of six guns on the Tennessee shore of the river. Immediately opposite Island No. 10, and obeying the curve of the stream, are batteries of not less than twenty-four guns bearing up and directly across the channel.

Commodore Foote said, in his dispatch to Washington on Wednesday night, that "he was gradually approaching it, but still did not hope for much until the occurrence of certain events which promise success." By this it is supposed that he expects re-inforcements from General Grant. If Grant sends a large force from Forts Henry and Donelson (which are about 70 and 75 miles distant), advancing upon the rear of the rebel batteries on the Tennessee River, it will be difficult for the rebels to make a successful resistance. At the same time, New Madrid below, and our fleet and Columbus above, will effectually cut off their retreat.

One general word in conclusion to correspondents. Please do not bother us with first-tempts in composition—which always should either be preserved as relics or torn up, which is better, or with badly written and illegible manuscripts—for we have very little patience, and the fire is handy, or with needless demands upon our time, of any kind, for we have already more work than we are able to get through with. Instead of doing the above objectionable things, which are all vanity and vexation of spirit, expend your surplus energies in procuring us new subscribers, and your letters shall be to us like manna, yea, better than "the flesh of Egypt."

THE WAR.

The war news is still favorable to the cause of the Union. Island number Ten appears to be a pretty hard nut to crack, but the indications are favorable to success in that quarter.

The island once taken, and Fort Pillow, near Randolph, becomes, we suppose, the next object of interest. If it falls also, then Memphis is opened to our victorious arms.

The news from the army of the Potomac is in the shape of rumors, which are not allowed to be published. Now that General McClellan is in the field, it must be the wish of all that he should have a fair chance to show what metal is in him. We trust he may prove to be all that his warmest friends believe him, and that his victorious hand may before many weeks raise the banner of the Union on the high places of Norfolk and Richmond.

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"It has been my hope for years," he was earnestly saying, as he held Mrs. Hunter's hands, in giving the explanation. "Dear Mrs. Hunter, do you think he will give her to me?"

"But, Austin—"

"Not yet, I do not ask for her yet, not until I have made a fitting home for her," he impulsively continued, anticipating what may have been the possible objection of Mrs. Hunter. "With the two thousand pounds left to me by Mrs. Thorne, and a little more added to it, which I have myself saved, I believe I shall be able to make my way."

We call the attention of our readers to a letter found within the rebel lines after the desperate battle of Sugar Creek, as showing what intelligent rebel officers are already beginning to confess—that they have under-estimated the character, tenacity, and prowess of the Northern people, and that, if they had properly understood them, there would have been no rebellion.

THE PENNSYLVANIA FOURTH.—The members of this regiment, who received great blame for refusing to remain in service after the expiration of their three months' term of enlistment—which term expired on the day previous to the battle of Manassas—re-enlisted to a very great extent, and are now terming the Fifty-First. In the recent battle at Newbern, they fairly cleared their name from all reproach by their gallant assault upon the enemy's works. They claim to have been the first to plant the stars and stripes upon the rebel fortifications. The people of Newbern, in the neighborhood of which place the regiment was mainly raised, rejoiced greatly when they heard how gallantly the Fifty-First had conducted itself.

The English experiments. We suppose the following statement made by the *Scientific American* is correct, but we are much surprised at hearing it:

In all the numerous and costly experiments that have been made in England with armor plates, with Armstrong, Whitworth, and other guns, the most destructive projectiles yet tried has been spherical shot fired from a 300 pounder cast-iron gun. Spherical shot re-

THE BATTLES OF 1812.

The Albany Journal, in contrasting the events of the present war with that of 1812, exhibits the magnitude of the present contest.

The war of 1812, measured both as regards numbers and the field of operations, shrinks into contemptible insignificance beside the gigantic operations, that are going on at the present hour. If we look back at the history,

more especially of the last war with England, and compare its leading incidents with those of the conflict now raging, we shall find that it hardly rises to the dignity of a modern reconnaissance. The "battles" dwindle down into the veriest skirmishes; the casualties are few, and the number of prisoners taken in victorious engagements counted rather by hundreds than thousands. We cite a few incidents from the war of 1812 to show what petty affairs, relatively, were some of the most brilliant victories achieved by our arms.

The first battle of any importance was that of Brownston, near Detroit, fought August 9, 1812. Our force was only 600, that of the British and Indians combined 750. Our loss was 18 killed and 63 wounded; that of the enemy 160. General Hull's "army," which disgracefully surrendered at Detroit six days later, only numbered 2,500 men, while that of the enemy consisted of only 700 English and 600 Indians. No wonder Gen. Brock, who commanded the latter, wrote to Sir Gen. Provost:—"When I detail my good fortune, your Excellency will be surprised."

At the battle of Queenstown, two columns of 300 men each did about all the fighting on our side. General Van Rensselaer, in his report, says:—"One-third of the men idle might have saved all." As it was, some looked on, while many fled into the woods, leaving their brethren to their fate. At the siege of Fort Erie, the English threw 2,000 red-hot shot without hurting man. Our loss was only 4 killed and 7 wounded.

Brigadier-General Smith abandoned his favorite project of invading Canada West because, although he had been preparing the greater part of the summer, and had energetically drummed up volunteers, he had succeeded in collecting only 1,500 men; and he did not think the expedition would be successful unless

CAPTURE OF NEWBURN, N. C.

BRAVE CONDUCT OF THE TROOPS.—64 GUNS CAPTURED.—537 KILLED AND WOUNDED.

Official Dispatch of Gen. Burnside.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT / OF NORTH CAROLINA, NEWBURN, March 15, 1862.

GEN. L. THOMAS, Adj.-General U. S. Army. GENERAL—I have the honor to report that after embarking the troops with which I intended to attack Newburn, in conjunction with the naval force, on the morning of the 11th, a rendezvous was made at Hatteras Inlet.

Flag Officer Goldsborough having been ordered to Hampton Roads, the naval fleet was left in command of Commodore Rowan.

Early on the morning of the 12th the entire force started for Newburn, and that night anchored off the mouth of Shocum's Creek, some 18 miles from Newburn, where I had decided to make a landing.

The stores, &c., captured at Newburn are estimated at \$2,000,000.

An account in the Tribune says:—"The 51st Pennsylvania, for a long time held in reserve, was ordered up to participate in the decisive charge of the whole brigade upon the line of regiments, and passing through the 51st New York, as it was lying on the ground after having exhausted all its ammunition, came under the heaviest fire, and without flinching or wavering moved to its place, and rushed, with the other regiments, upon the defences of the enemy. The movement of Col. Hartman's regiment was executed in the most deliberate manner, and proved a complete success."

"While all the regiments engaged in the battle are deserving of high praise for their steadiness under fire, the spirit with which they surmounted the most formidable obstacles, and the fidelity with which they obeyed the commands of their generals, certain regiments, by the peculiarity of their distribution, perhaps, were made more prominent for their gallantry. These were the 24th Massachusetts, 4th Rhode Island, 10th Connecticut, 21st Massachusetts, 4th Rhode Island, 10th Connecticut, and 51st New York."

Gen. Pope has twenty-two guns mounted at Mount Pleasant, and has erected a new battery four miles below.

Another correspondent, at Cairo, telegraphs that he left Island No. 10 on the 29th. The firing was only moderate from the Benton and Mound City, at intervals of fifteen minutes each; the object being to reduce the upper batteries. Five guns were dismounted, and there were two from which occasional shots were fired, coming very near our boats.

The Ninth New Jersey also were in the fight, and maintained the well-known reputation of the "Jersey Blues."

arrival of re-enforcement of the enemy in Newburn during the engagement, which retreated with the remainder of the army by the cars and the country roads.

I have the honor, General, to be your obedient servant, A. E. BURNSIDE,

Brig.-Gen. Coming, Department N. C.

The regiments at Newburn were mostly from Massachusetts and other New England States and from New York.

The 51st Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel J. F. Hartman, composed mainly of the old 4th regiment (which left before the Battle of Bull Run), was also in the battle, and charged and took with the bayonet the enemy's batteries on the left. In consequence of the censure passed upon them for not being in the Battle of Bull Run, they are enlisted, and at Newburn showed the sort of stuff they were made of. Sergeant Major C. Jones, dredge, of the 51st, writes that the regiment, after taking the enemy's batteries on the left at the point of the bayonet, was the first to plant its colors, along with the flag presented by the ladies of Norristown to the old 4th regiment, on the captured works.

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BOMBARDMENT OF ISLAND NO. 10.

EIGHTY REBEL GUNS IN BATTERY—FIVE REBEL GUNBOATS AND A BATTERING RAM.

A special dispatch, dated the 20th, to the St. Louis Republican, from the vicinity of Island No. 10, says:—

"The cannonading by the gun and mortar boats was continual all day on Wednesday. All the guns but one in the upper battery on the Tennessee shore have been silenced, and one gun is in fine health and spirits.

"Gen. Beauregard is in command at Corinth, Miss., with fifteen thousand men from Wallace.

"Generals Cheatham and Bragg have

divisions near by.

"About 6,000 (?) men in the vicinity of Savannah have enlisted in the Union army recently. On the night of the 15th, a division of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry put a part of Cheatham's force to flight, and put the railroad bridge. The forces in that vicinity are divided into five divisions, under the command of Generals Sherman, Hurlbut, McClellan, Wallace and Lanigan."

Gov. Harris disappeared from Memphis on the second day after the adjournment of the Legislature and has not been heard from since. He is supposed to be at Corinth, Miss., with fifteen thousand men from Wallace.

"It is said that a Union soldier in Port Donelson had his life saved by a silver half-dollar in his pocket, the coin stopping a rifle-ball.

"It is probable that several other Union men were protected by their silver and gold pieces of artillery.

The enemy retreated with loss, as soon as our guns opened fire. One man was killed on our side, and Gen. Shields suffered a slight injury on the left arm, from a fragment of a shell which burst near him.

A prisoner, brought in to night, says the enemy were under the impression that our troops had left Winchester, and that Jackson's rebel forces were on the road from Strasburg, under the same impression.

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LOVE ME.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Only love me!
Let great want make shadows in our way,
Let heart breaking trials be our share,
Let the world frown harshly as it may.

Little do I care,

Only love me!
Give thy sorrows to thy faithful wife,
Grief were joy, dear, if endured with thee,
Let thine eyes shine on me, light and life.

Love me! love me!

Only love me!
Suffer not thy kindness to tire;
Let not anger make thy love forsown,
My heart burns to ashes in the fire.

Of thy darling scars!

Only love me!
I have failings, more than I can speak,
I confess I am not worthy thee,
Pardon, thou, and pity! I am weak!

Love me! love me!

Only love me!
I will stay by thee in want and shame,
I will follow thee through fire and blood,
I will proudly bear thy cherished name,

Be it ill or good,

Only love me!
I could go through Hades for thy sake,
I could give my hopes of Heaven to thee,
Smile on me, I pray, lest my heart break,

Love me! love me!

Only love me!
All my life is flowing into thine,
As a river floweth to the sea,
Round thy being all my thoughts entwine,

I am nought but thee!

Only love me!
Fall me not, my worship, I am given
Wholly and eternally to thee,
Thou art my heart's earth, and my soul's

heaven.

Love me! love me!

THE LONGEST MONTH
IN MY LIFE.

I am a married man, and one who, in that capacity, has seen many moons beside the honeymoon, but the longest month in my life by far took place when I was a bachelor. It is true that I was in love during the period in question, but it was not the frantic expectation of coming bliss which clogged the wheels of time. My beautiful and accomplished Eliza had nothing to do with it. I repeat, it was not she, nor the anticipation of her, which put the break upon the train of life so sharp and strong. The passion which for thirty days protracted my existence so painfully was one more potent even than that of love—it was that of *Al jetzt Terror*.

Some males are absurdly proud and boastful of their physical courage, always imagining that somebody has called it in question, breathing forth fire and slaughter against persons of more diminutive stature than themselves on the slightest provocation, butful for combat, for ever sharpening their teeth. For my part, any assumption of this kind would be as misplaced as though a gentleman without a nose should plume himself upon his personal charms. The delicacy of my organization is so extreme that the snapping of a percussion cap in my neighborhood—let alone powder and ball—has been sufficient, from my youth up, to cast me into a profuse perspiration, while the excessive refinement of mind has still further increased this peculiarity. I am like a magnificent race-horse which has been overtrained (al though, indeed, if it comes to speed, I could hold my own with the bravest); but I am no *hors de combat*—no battle-charger. If I were a man-of-war, I should make as good a *sauve* fight as any ship in her Majesty's service; but for any other species of combat, let me climb a tree, and look on.

The satisfaction which my known distinction for battle has diffused among my male acquaintance is universal. If I had designedly consulted the greatest happiness of the greatest number, I could not have conferred that boon more universally. Man is a bully, who is never so pleased as when he is tapping his wings over some other cock of the walk who has succumbed to him; and at my approach there was not one in our village circle who did not begin to crow.

Major Blazer, late of the Plungers, but now retired to this pastoral solitude of Tinyon Parva, inflated himself as I drew near, as if he were an aeronaut about to ascend, who carried his balloon inside him. It did not displease me to feel morally certain that I was indirectly hastening the major on to his natural doom of apoplexy. He hectored, he dominated, he turned all sorts of colors, in his tremendous superiority, and, in fact, behaved himself in all respects after the manner of a farm yard turkey cock; but the first I gave her to understand that she must choose between me and them—“Love me, love my two black dogs,” being too great an expansion of the proverbial demand to be tolerated for a moment.

It was August, and the weather was more than usually “seasonable,” which is the expression, I believe, used by all well regulated persons, when it is either too cold in winter, or too hot in summer. The tiles of No. 1 Pigeon Villas were like those of a Dutch oven, the white road threw back the heat into our first floor windows like a meat-screen. All Tinyon Parva was baked; its thin folks were dried up like mummies; its fat folks simmered and shone. Major Blazer's purple countenance glistened as he moved, like one of his own cucumber glasses. A public meeting was convened, to consider the propriety of muzzling all dogs whatsoever, and I need not say upon which side my vote, my interest, and my eloquence were enlisted; but the major (out of mere bravado, for he kept no dog) was dead against us; so was the master of the terrier pup, of course; and so was the Rev. Dibble Fyst. This last gentleman pooh-poohed every precaution with a contempt that was positively indecent. “He was

afraid,” he said, “of no dog living, either mad or sane. If people would only understand how to treat these animals, the smallest child might subdue the most dangerous of mastiffs. A little switch of hazel or willow was all that was required. He was imagining an extreme case, but when the dog made its leap at your throat (sensation), all you had to do was to strike its fore-feet sharply with the switch, and the creature would instantly turn tail and flee.”

The person was known to be an eminently practical man, and his speech was conclusive, the dogs went about unmuzzled, and the men with hazel switches and directions for use. Even I carried a little switch about myself, although with the same belief in its efficacy as in that of a divining rod. In the middle of August, 18—, I was returning from a country walk with my portfolio under my arm: the day had been deliciously passed in a certain beech-wood, where I had been making a “study” of a tree for dear Eliza's album. I was not aware how intensely warm it had been (for copper beeches do not get red hot) until I left the wood and reached the blind road, which had been receiving the rays of the sun for so many hours the ground almost scorched my feet in five minutes. I became as “dusty and deliquescent” as any of Sydney Smith's stout female clergy, for there was not shade enough on either side the way to accommodate a thermometer; and I was at least a mile and a half from Pigeon Villas. Suddenly I heard distant shouts and that sort of tumult which is called in old stage directions “an excursion.” There was certainly something of an exciting nature occurring in the village. It could not be the nummers, because they only appear at Christmas; nor could it be Jack-in-the-Green, who belongs only to May, and unless for these excitements, Tinyon Parva was sunk in torpor all the year round. Presently I heard a gun go off, which caused me to regret that I had left the shelter of the beech-wood so far behind me. What could have happened? I did not believe the French had landed, for they would scarcely have dared to do so during Major Blazer's lifetime; but I did think that there possibly might be a general rising of the peasantry. For all that, I knew, Tinyon Parva, and what was worse, Miss Eliza Oatlands, of the Home Farm, might be in the very arms of revolution. A horseman at full speed comes fleeing from the scene of disorder. “The yeomanry, then,” said I to myself, “are routed, and the poaching portion of the community are probably roasting the Rev. Dibble Fyst and my future brother-in-law before a slow fire.” I had always warned them that their game preserving would lead to something of this sort. As the man drew near, I recognized in him a farmer in the neighborhood, and called out to know what was the matter. “Oh! nothing,” answered he, as he fled; “only a mad dog. One of Mr. Jonathan Oatland's black uns is running a muck.”

I sat down in the dry ditch by the roadside, and mopped my forehead. “Only a mad dog!” Good Heavens, had it already bitten Eliza? Had it bitten that little cur at the doctor's door which lay between home and me? These horrible apprehensions were absorbed by a danger so terrible, so real, that the hair of my head arose, and swayed tremulously from side to side, as a field of corn is agitated by contrary winds. I beheld upon the horizon of the road a speck, a dot, a comma, nay, it was far from being a full stop which approaching with hideous velocity, expanded, and disclosed a black dog running with his tongue out—the always abominable Jumbo, and now mad. I had very nearly suffocated the man. I had leaped from my couch, and pinned him by the neck to the wall. His cravat was always tight, and I had almost made an end of him. Boiling water, indeed!

“Beware,” cried I, “beware lest you taste of my despair, and learn by proof in some wild hour how much the wretched dare!”

I saw the doctor's cold eye quail before me as I executed a sort of war-dance of defiance in my day-shirt. This hectoring fellow was but a coward, then, after all.

“Now,” cried I, “tell me the worst, or perish, Dr. Carven. Mention the very earliest time at which, if I am to die, the madness will make itself apparent.”

“No man has ever exhibited the disease as yet,” murmured the doctor, tremulously, “before the eleventh day.”

I retreated once more to my pillow, prostrated and unversed. Ten days of agonizing indecision! It would be enough to drive a man mad, even if he had not been bitten at all!

“And what is the earliest period at which you will be able to certify me out of danger?”

“Not till this day month,” returned the doctor, solemnly; “a month is the very earliest at which I could risk my reputation by a decision.”

It was this, as may well be imagined, which was the Longest Month in my Life. I was perpetually feeling my jaw, to discover whether it was getting locked or no. Whenever I took the least chill, I imagined it to be that rigor which is one of the worst features of hydrocephalus. When I had the slightest disinclination to take my usual quantity of sherry, the misfortune of that lady of fashion who had omitted to use scissors was brought to my remembrance, as it were, by a hearsay and six. If there was the slightest itching where the mark of the bite had been (for it soon disappeared), I gave myself up for lost. The only satisfaction I enjoyed during this awful period, was that of imposing terror on those who had once played the bully over me.

I walked into the parish church one afternoon, while the Rev. Dibble Fyst was christening an infant, and he could scarcely get through the service for sheer fright. He shook so, that I thought he would have dropped the babe; and all because I looked a little wild. The mark of the bite had been there in the first place, and the doctor passed his daily visits to me in a state of abject trepidation.

I had been forbidden by Mr. Oatlands to come near the Home Farm, “until my lady had declared herself, or I was safe” (a most ridiculous alternative); but I walked into his oak parlor, and demanded to see my Eliza, like some feudal baron addressing his meanest vassal, and Eliza came. I explained to her that I should abstain from kissing her, for fear of the possible consequences of contagion, and the dear girl assented to that prudential resolution without a murmur.

It was the evening of the last day of this long, long month that I sat with the Beloved Object in the yew-tree arbor of the garden of the Home Farm. With the morrow's sun I should welcome, as it were, a new existence; safe and sane, I might then venture to look forward to a life like other men. I was on the threshold of happiness, and felt almost as secure as though I had passed it. I could even converse upon the calamity which had so deeply darkened the last few weeks of my life with comparative calmness. I was de-

scribing how full of the thought of my Eliza I had been, how elastic my step, how joyful my whole being, when the black dog Jumbo, like some wicked magician, had appeared on the horizon, and blasted all things.

“The village clock,” said I, with dramatic emphasis, “had tolled the solemn hour of five.”

“Nay, love, it must have been long before five,” interposed Eliza.

“Excuse me, dearest,” rejoined I; “I not only heard the clock strike, but compared it with my own watch at the time. My last feeling of consciousness in connection with Jumbo, was that he appeared in sight exactly at five o'clock. Although I was at some distance, I heard the chimes distinctly, and they reminded me, dearest, of marriage-bells.”

“Our Jumbo was shot before five o'clock, I know,” asserted Eliza, with greater positiveness, than, at that time, I could have imagined her capable of exhibiting.

“Then he bit me after death,” returned I with calmness.

A terrible suspicion flitted across the beautiful countenance of my Eliza.

“The Ides of March, or at least of September, are come,” thought she; “but they are not yet gone. My Augustus is losing his senses all over!”

I perceived her suspicion, but thought it better to make no observation.

“And what is become of Jock?” asked I, with indifference.

“Alas,” said she, with a little tremor in her tone, “nothing has been heard of that poor dog from that day to this. He took the Beechwood road at full speed the instant that his unhappy brother was despatched, and mortal eye has not since lit upon him.”

“Yes, it has,” cried I, with a jubilant shout, and leaping a foot or two into the air—“yes, it has, my Eliza. Don't be afraid. This eye has lit upon him. I see it all now. There has never been the slightest chance of my going mad. It was Jock that I met, and not Jumbo. The shot I heard in the village was the latter animal's death knell. I shall now proceed to kiss you, my Eliza. Don't be afraid.”

The next half hour in that yew-tree arbor was by very far the shortest thirty minutes in that month. I subsequently walked home on air borne by Cupid's wings. As I passed Powderham Cottage, I saw Major Blazer walking in his garden, and a sudden revenge took possession of me. In an instant, I had vaulted over the little gate, and was by his side. To say he started would be to give but a feeble idea of the jump he gave.

“Ha, ha!” cried I maniacally, “a beautiful morning, is it not? (It being then about 9 o'clock, P. M.) How nice the sun shines, don't it?”

“Ye-ye-yes,” stammered the major, looking towards his door. “It shines dashed nicely.”

“Major Blazer,” returned I, with fiendish malignity, “you lie, and you know it. It is evening, sir; nay, it is night. Boo!”

“Ye-ye-yes, sir; it is night.”

I saw he was looking for a weapon, and got between him and a spade that was sticking in the flower-bed.

“I am come to tell you,” exclaimed I, with enthusiasm, “I cannot touch wine or even water to-day, somehow, but I fancy I could touch tea. I don't think it would give me those strange spasmodic twitches that other liquids do. Ha, ha, ha.”

The major's purple countenance had changed to a livid whiteness. He could scarcely keep his legs, they trembled so as he edged backwards.

His fingers were, however, upon the door-handle as I made my grand *coup*.

“Do you observe anything in my cough, major, besides its being musical?” And I coughed as much as possible in imitation of the canine species. “Do you know Dr. Carven says—”

In another instant, the door was slammed with the utmost violence in my face, and I heard the major putting up the chain, and firing for his pistols.

“Ha, ha!” shrieked I, “you're nothing but a fat coward.” And finishing with three decided barks through the keyhole, I hurried home.

The Longest Month in my Life was thus satisfactorily ended, and it has borne fruits of the most agreeable character; I do not so much refer to my marriage with Eliza, as to the increased respect with which I am treated by the three magnificoes of Tinyon. Before I was bitten by Jumbo (as was supposed), I was at a disadvantage in their company. They had found out my weak point, and I was not aware that such doughty individuals as they possessed such a thing. But now, on the slightest approach to hectoring on the part of any one of them, I have merely to cough in a certain significant and dog-like manner, and they change color, and are civil upon the instant. They remember that I have seen them all with their white feathers on in that Longest Month of my Life.

THE WOMEN OF A NATION—I do not hesitate to say that the women give to every nation a moral temperament, which shows itself in its politics. A hundred times I have seen weak men show real public virtue, because they had by their sides women who supported them, not by advice as to particulars, but by fortifying their feelings of duty, and by directing their ambition. More frequently, I must confess, I have observed the decided influence gradually transforming a man, naturally generous, noble and unselfish, into a cowardly, common-place, place-hunting self-seeker, thinking of public business only as a means of making himself comfortable—and this simply by contact with a well-conducted woman, a faithful wife, an excellent mother, but from whose mind the grand notion of public duty was entirely absorbed.

“See how a splendid head this child has; his name is Floyd.”

“The image of you, sir, would pass any

THE BABY MARKET OF NEW YORK.

FROM THE NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED NEWS.

(See Engraving on First Page.)

Into this world we come like ships,

Launched from the docks, and stocks, and slips,

For Fortune, fair or fat;

And one little craft is cast away

In its very first trip in Babicome Bay,

While another rides safe at Port Natal.

—H.

There is an old saying, “One-half the world does not know how the other half obtains a livelihood,” and as the reader scans the annexed advertisement, and as his mind seizes the aim and object of the establishment which is thus brought into public notice by the assistance of one of the New York dailies, he will admit the truth of the aphorism.

“Children taken for adoption, and children adopted out for homes. Three children, from twenty months to one year old, wanted at No. —, — street, New York.”

S, come with me to No. —, — street,

New York. Let us, together, visit the Baby Market of Gotham. Do not start at the phantoms.

The house is respectable. Look! a small servant girl—keen, sharp and agile as a cat in twilight—opens the door to us.

“Please, gentlemen, walk into the parlor, till Missus gets done spanking Napoleon.”

Ah, you look at me with wonder! and a little comic smile sadly plays with your philosophic melancholy. Let us enter the parlor. Nothing indicates the occupation of the owner of these rosewood lounges—yet, the statue of Cupid, painted black, which fills a conspicuous station in the parlor, suggests some strange reflections.

Hush! women are taking leave of each other! Listen—has the mother sold her child?—or has a stranger purchased a foundling? No matter. The tones are kindly and gentle, indicating the culture of the voice and manner which is obtained only in good society. Heigho! Pish, man! why do you sigh; do you think the poor are the only criminals?

The mistress of the establishment enters. She is a portly woman, of thirty or thereabouts; handsome, well dressed, keen eyed, unblushing, and resolute. She speaks a rich voice, full of deep melody, exercises over us the spell of authority.

“You are looking for a baby, sir. Male or female?”

“Male.”

“If you want something very nice, I think I have the very baby that will suit you—Mary!” (Enter Mary.) “Bring down Brooklyn Heights.”

The lady reads our unuttered thought—Brooklyn Heights! and she answers them:

“You see, gentlemen, I have so many, I'm obliged to give them all characteristic names, something suggested by, or associated with, their history. It saves confusion, and is an easy way of keeping the record. How many have I on hand? let me see—eighteen—eight males and ten females, of all ages between three weeks and twelve months. Do I never have them younger? On, yes, a day old, if necessary.”

where for your own. I'm sure your wife would be delighted with him. He's had the measles—they came out beautiful—has been vaccinated, and is as healthy as a prince. Do I ever have trouble with sick children? Oh, yes; children require great care. It is my interest, if nothing else, to nurse them. I cannot sell sick children; you see, I never receive children with inherited diseases, and for simple complaints it is so much pleasanter to nurse a child and sell it to those whom I treat it well, than to chuck it into an ash barrel."

"Into an ash barrel!"

"Yes. There are some children left at my door I wouldn't have at any price—one left last night, I sent right off to the Poorhouse. It doesn't pay to take that kind."

"Do you lose many?"

"No; not many. I never lost but one, he must have crawled away, I never could find him."

"I mean do many die on your hands?"

"Very few. I generally send them to the Poorhouse for burial."

"On the whole how do you succeed?"

"Very well. I have as much custom in my different occupations, as I can attend to, alone. But, gentlemen, my time is somewhat preoccupied to-day. If neither Brooklyn Heights nor Floyd will suit your purpose, you can see all the rest in the nursery."

Let us go into the "nursery."

We enter, and instantly a dozen pairs of round, shadowless eyes are turned on us, and twelve fine babies begin to "take notice," with all their might. The children look fat, happy and contented, and as well circumstanced, as far as present needs are concerned, as any children in Christendom. The linen surrounding them is clean and plentiful; the room warm and well ventilated, and there is plenty of milk and farinaceous food in sight.

We inspect the babies! And as both you and I have had the advantage of experience, we manage the inspection with an ability that attracts the surprise of the mistress of the nursery. Madame again calls our attention to Brooklyn Heights. We acknowledge that Brooklyn Heights is the successful candidate for our parental affection.

Madame fixes the price of Brooklyn at fifty dollars, "and he'd be a bargain at that. I've kept him back for some time, as I want him to go among nice people. Some come much higher; there's Japhet now; I send him off to Orange county to-morrow morning. Two hundred and fifty dollars Japhet brought me, and he's worth every cent of it."

Lucky Japhet!

Further reflections are cut short by Madame:

"Well, sir, shall I consider Brooklyn Heights your property?"

"You may, Madame, I will call for him this evening with a market basket."

Promising to be punctual, and with mutual assurances of satisfaction, we bow ourselves out.

And so, we have done our duty. Reader, you now know the secret of the New York Baby Market.

LOVE AND SKATES.

A sensitive New Englander, writing from Massachusetts, acknowledges himself caught, and asks if he was not justified by the circumstances which he relates. Here is a case: Well, sir, Mary caught the skating fever, which is now raging so fearfully. I heard her express a wish for a pair of skates, and the next day she had the best pair that could be had in the city, and nobody knew who sent them to her. We went down upon the ice, and there Mary sat quietly down, ordered me on my knees, and quietly placed that foot, the foot, in my lap, and bid me put on her skates. Sir, had Venus dropped down from Heaven, could not have astonished me more than when that divine foot was placed in my unworthy lap. I felt very faint—but I buckled on the skates and stood up, with Mary by my side! No; well let me tell you. You have seen a kaleidoscope, with a few odd bits of glass, &c., in a tin tube, and turning it, have seen all sorts of beautiful figures.

Just imagine a kaleidoscope, and in place of beads and broken glass, please substitute blue eyes, curling eyelashes, lips, ivory, wavy hair, crinoline, garter boots, zephyr-worsted, cupids, hearts, darts, a clap of thunder, a flash of lightning and "auld Nick." Imagine yourself the centre of a system, with all these things revolving around you, and a violet hand breathing sighs on you all the while, and you have Mary and her victim in the first skating lesson. Mary and I start—she on my left arm—all square. First, Mary's dear little sister boots presented themselves to my astonished vision, and before I have time to wonder how they came up before me, I felt them pressing their blessed beauty with emphasis into the pit of my stomach. Next—Wavy hair, with \$30 bonnet and a divine head come pitching into my waistcoat, with such a force that I feel the buttons against my spine. Next—Mary gazes at me from between my jack boots, and anon her blessed little nose is thrust into my shirt bosom. Ah! my friends, all research and study on the mysterious subject of woman has been comparatively in vain till, in this eventful year of 1862, the fashion of skating has opened new and various sources of information.

Do you remember your first attempt at driving tandem? Do you remember how that infernal perverse beast that you selected for your leader, would insist on turning short round and staring you in the face, as if to ask "what the deuce you'd be at?" Well, just you go and try a woman on skates, that's all—just try it. Ah! won't you come to the conclusion that women have sundry and divers ways of accomplishing their objects? Dear Mary! I offered myself to her every time she turned up or came round. I am hers.

If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the inside for your share, and give him the outside.

WHAT IS IT?

BY LUCY LARCOM.

What kept the moss a-growing
Through January's snowing?
It knew—oh, never doubt it!
The blasted tree without it
Would bleaker seem, and older
To summer's new beholder.
So, green through all the snowing,
'Twas love that kept it growing.

What was the water saying
Beneath the ice-roof playing,
Whereon the sunshine listened,
While underneath, it glistened?
"Oh, kingly sun, arisen
To loose me from my prison,
I murmur not from grieving,
I sing, in thee believing."

What brought the peach-buds swelling
From out their birchen dwelling?
The song of blue-birds won them,
Fresh music, poured upon them,
In bloom is overflowing;
The blush and perfume showing
That life is richer, better,
Joy's never-pardoned debtor.

Oh, loving, soul-fresh faces,
Moss of deserted places—
Oh, voices of the chosen,
Through deadliest cold unfrozen—
Oh, lives with beauty brimming,
Glad in the heaven's near hymning,
Ye know the hidden glory.
Who else may tell that story?

Grow, sing, and bloom undaunted:
A world so shadow-haunted
Needs all your bursting splendor,
Soft lights, and murmurs tender.
The human want is pressing,
O'ershadow it with blessing!
Your triumph sure believing,
Till hearts shall hush their grieving!

THE INDIAN SCOUT.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE GREAT MEDICINE.

As we have stated, Marksman, after leading Red Wolf to the door of the temple, and securing him retire, re-entered the sanctuary, closing the door after him. The Comanche Chief was awaiting him, with shoulder leaning against the wall, and folded arms.

"Thanks for your help, Chief," he said, "Without you I was lost."

"You may, Madame, I will call for him this evening with a market basket."

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If a disagreeable fellow insists on sharing your house with you, take the inside for your share, and give him the outside.

paled to wade in blood up to my waist; I insist on it, and it shall be so."

"But what will you do?"

"I do not know, and care little. If you refuse to help me, well, Brighteye and I will find means, will we not, old comrade?"

"It is certain, Don Miguel," the latter answered, in the placid tone habitual to him, "that I shall not leave you in the lurch. As to finding a plan of reaching the captives, we shall find it, but I will not answer that it is a good one, though."

There was a lengthened silence. Marksman was startled at Don Miguel's resolution, which he knew to be inflexible; he calculated mentally the chances, good and bad, which the young man's untoward arrival offered for the success of his schemes. At last he took the word.

"I will not try," he said to Don Miguel, "any longer to dissuade you from attempting to set the maidens; I have known you long enough to feel that it would be useless, and that my arguments would, probably, only urge you to commit an act of irredeemable insanity. I therefore take upon myself to lead you to Don Laura."

"You promise it?" the young man exclaimed quickly.

"Yes; but on one condition."

"Speak it whatever it be, I accept it."

"Good; when the moment arrives, I will let you know, but take my advice, and ask Flying Eagle to perfect your disguise; in the way you and Brighteye are dressed at this moment, you could not take a step in the city without being recognized. Now I leave you for day has broken, and I must go to the High Priest; I leave you in charge of Flying Eagle; follow his instructions carefully, for you stake the life, not only of yourself, but of those you desire to save."

The young man shivered at the thought.

"I will obey you," he said; "but you will keep your promise?"

"I will keep it this very day."

After whispering a few words to Flying Eagle, Marksman left the three men in the temple and went out."

The Amantzin was preparing to go to the temple at the moment the hunter entered his palace. Atoya, curious like the true Indian he was, had not left the High Priest since the previous evening, in order to be present at the medicine man's second visit, which, judging from the first, he assumed would be very interesting. The hunter returned, accompanied by the Amantzin, who was his shadow, to the maiden's apartment. He then attained the certainty that Dona Laura could, without inconvenience, support the fatigue of being carried out of the Palace of the Virgin of the Sun. The girl had, with the hope of a speedy deliverance, regained her strength, and the disease which had undermined her had disappeared, as if by enchantment. As for Luisa, more dubious when the High Priest retired (for the hunter demanded to be left alone with his patients), she said to the Canadian:

"We shall be ready to follow you when you order, Marksman, but on one condition."

"How a condition?" the hunter exclaimed.

Then he added, mentally, "What is the meaning of this? Am I to meet obstacles on all sides? Speak, Nina," he continued. "I am listening to you."

"Pardon any apparent harshness in my words. We do not doubt your loyalty. Heaven guard us from it still!"

"You do distract me," the hunter interrupted, in a tone of chagrin. "However, I ought to expect it, for you both know me too little to put faith in me."

"Alas!" Dona Laura said. "Such is the misfortune of our position, that, in spite of ourselves, we tremble to meet traitors on all sides."

"That miserable Addick, to whom Don Miguel trusted," Dona Luisa added, "how has he behaved to us?"

"That is true, you are obliged to speak so! What can I do to prove to you certainly that you can place full and entire confidence in me?"

"My brother shall judge," the chief said, simply. Then, turning half away, he clasped his hand thrice. And if this impulsive signal had the power to call up phantoms, two men instantaneously emerged from the shadow, and appeared before the hunter's astonished eyes. Marksman looked at them for a moment, and then clasped his hand with surprise, muttering—

"Brighteye and Don Miguel here! Mercy, what will become of us?"

"Is that the way you receive us, my friend?" Don Miguel asked, affectionately.

"In Heaven's name, what have you come here for? What evil inspiration urged you to join me when all was going on so well, and success, I may say, was insured?"

"We have not come to cross your plans; on the contrary, alarmed by the thought of your being among these demons, we wished to see you and help you, were that possible."

"I thank you for your good intentions. Unfortunately, I am more injurious than useful under present circumstances. But how do you manage to enter the city?"

"Oh, very easily," Brighteye answered, and in a few words, how they had joined him. The hunter shook his head.

"It was a bold action," he said, "and I must allow that it was well carried out. But how does it profit you to have incurred such perils? greater ones await you here, profitless, and of no advantage to us."

"Perhaps so, but whatever happens," Don Miguel answered, firmly; "you understand that I have not blindly exposed myself to all these dangers without a very powerful motive."

"I suppose so; but I try in vain to discover the motive."

"You need not search long. I will tell you."

"Speak!"

"I must—yes understand, I hope, old fellow," he said, laying a stress on each syllable. "I must see Dona Laura."

"See Dona Laura? it is impossible," Marksman exclaimed.

"I know nothing about impossibility; but this I know, that I will see her."

"You are mad, on my soul, Don Miguel; it is impossible, I tell you."

The adventurer shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"I repeat that I will see her," he said, with resolution, even if, to reach her, I were com-

"I am a simple man, whose strength resides in the protection the Wacondah grants me. He has revealed to me the means to restore health to the sufferers; I must obey."

The High Priest bowed submissively, and requested the hunter to confide to him what he proposed doing.

"The unknown Tlacetatzin will tell that to my father when he has seen the captives," Marksman answered; "but he will not have long to wait. I feel the approach of the divine man. Let my father admit him without delay."

Exactly at this moment several blows were struck on the outer door. The High Priest, subduced by the hunter's assurance, hastened to open it. Don Miguel appeared; thanks to Flying Eagle, he was unrecognizable. It is almost unnecessary to state that this scene had been arranged by the hunter and the Comanche Chief during the short conversation they had before separating.

Don Miguel took a scrutinizing look around.

"Where are the sick persons I am ordered by the Wacondah to deliver from the evil spirit?" he said, in a stern voice.

The High Priest and the hunter exchanged a glance of intelligence. The two Indians were confounded. The arrival of this man, so clearly predicted by Marksman, appeared a prodigy.

We will not describe the conversation that took place between Don Miguel and the maidens when they at length met; we will restrict ourselves to saying that, after an hour's visit, which elapsed to the young folks with the rapidity of a moment, Marksman succeeded, with great difficulty, in separating them, and returned with the adventurer to all their junctions, when they fancied they heard a rustling at the door of the apartment leading to that in which the prisoners were confined. Marksman, at one re-assuming his borrowed face, opened the door, and found himself face to face with the High Priest, who stepped away with the embarrassed air of a man detected in the satisfaction of his curiosity. Had he heard what the young people and the hunter had been saying in Spanish? Marksman, after reflection, did not think so; still, he thought it prudent to recommend his comrades to be on their guard.

This long day at length terminated, the sun set, and night arrived. All was ready for departure; the captives, each placed in a hammock, suspended from the shoulders of four vigorous slaves, were transported to the top of the mound chosen for the operation, and gently deposited in the vicuna skin. The High Priest, by Marksman's orders, stationed his warriors at the four cardinal points. He then uttered a few mysterious words, to which Don Miguel replied in a low voice, and bade the High Priest kneel down to implore the unknown deity.

Don Miguel, during this period, gazed on the city, trying to distinguish if anything extraordinary were occurring. All was calm. The deepest silence reigned over the place. The two hunters, who had also knelt, rose up.

"Let my brothers redouble their prayers," Don Miguel said, in a hollow voice, "I am about to compel the evil spirit to retire from the captives."

In spite of themselves, the maidens gave a start of terror at these words. Don Miguel did not seem to notice it, but made a sign to Marksman.

"Let my brothers approach," the latter said. The sentinels obeyed with a hesitation that threatened to degenerate into terror on the slightest suspicious movement

Wit and Humor.

"THE OLD TOM CAT."

Don't you remember the old Tom cat, John Smith,
The old Tom cat whose notes were so high,
As he used to serenade us each night, John Smith,

When the stars were bright in the sky?

Down by the old Niagara's shore, John Smith,
Where the sun stands silent and lone,
Some naughty boys there in the river one day

The old Tom cat attacked to a stone.

Don't you remember old Towser, John Smith,
Old Towser, who belonged to Bill Gale,
And how many times, in our childhood sports,

We have tied oyster cans to his tail?

Old Towser would have lived with Gale, John Smith,

Until he had grown helpless and old,

But they caught him stealing a sheep one night.

And old Towser's tale was soon told.

Don't you remember the old pond, John Smith,
And the bridge across built of logs,
And how many times we have stood on the

bridge

And pealed with stones the poor frogs?

The bridge and pond are gone, John Smith,

And all things are changed that I view,

But I find no change in my pocket, John Smith—

Could I borrow a dollar of you?

THE SACRED SOIL.

The soldiers of the national army of the Potowmack have been this winter literally "mud sills." Mr. Ophorus Kerr, of the "Mackerelville Brigade," relates his experience with them as follows—

"I never really knew what the term 'mud-sill' meant, my boy, until I saw Capt. Bob Shorty on Tuesday. I was out in a field, just this side of Fort Corcoran, trampling down the ears of my gaudy steed Pegasus, that he might look less like a Titanic rabbit, when I saw approaching me an object resembling a brown stone monument. As it came nearer, I discovered an eruption of brass buttons at intervals in front, and presently I observed the lineaments of a Federal face.

"Strange being" says I, taking down a pistol from the natural rock on the side of my steed, and at the same time motioning towards my sword, which I had hung on one of his hip-sconces, "Art thou the shade of Metamora, or the disembodied spirit of a sand bank?"

"My ducky darling," responded the ashen voice of Capt. Bob Shorty, "you behold a mud-sill, just emerged from a liquified portion of the sacred soil. The mud at present in closing the Mackerel Brigade is unpleasant to the personal feelings of the corps, but the effect at a distance is unique. As you survey that expanse of mud from Arlington Heights," continued Bob Shorty "with the veterans of the Mackerel Brigade wading about in it up to their chins, you are forcibly reminded of a limitless plum pudding, well stocked with animated raisins."

"My friend," says I, "the comparison is apt, and reminds me of Shakespeare's happier efforts. But tell me, my Pylades, has the dredging for these inasing regiments near Alexandria proved successful?"

"Capt. Bob Shorty took the mire from his ears, and then says he:

"Two brigades were excavated this morning, and are at present building rafts to go down to Washington after some soap. Let us not inter complaints against the mud," continued Captain Bob Shorty, reflectively, "for it has served to develop the genius of New England. We dug out a Yankee regiment from Boston first, and the moment these wooden nutmegs—hogs got their breath, they went to work at the mud that had almost suffocated them, mixed up some spoiled flour with it, and are now making their eternal fortunes by peddling it out for patent cement."

"This remark of the captain's, my boy, shows that the spirit of New England still retains its natural elasticity, and is capable of greater efforts than *figures rite* bands and clocks made of barrel hoops and old coffee pots. I have heard my ancient grandfather relate an example of this spirit during the war of 1812. He was with a select assortment of Pequod chaps at Blacksburg, just before the attack on Washington, and word came secretly to them that the Britshers down the Chesapeake were out of flour, and would pay something handsome for a supply. Now, these Pequod chaps had no flour, my boy, but that didn't keep them out of the speculation. They went to the nearest grave yard, dug up all the tombstones, pounded them to powder, sent the powder to the coast, and sold it to the Britshers for the very best flour, at \$12.50 a barrel."

"New England needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
She manufactures everything,
And sells it mighty cheap."

Rue New England. New England rule the trade,

There's not a thing that grows or goes New Eng-

land hasn't made!"

"And can such a people as this be con-

quered by a horde of godless rebels? Never!" I repeat it, sir—never! Should the Jeff Davis mob ever get possession of Washington, the Yankees would build a wall around the place, and invite the public to come and see the mea-gerie at two shillings a head."

A REASONABLE SUPPOSITION.—The *Observe-*

re *Times* says that at a recent wedding in that city, the bridegroom being an army officer, wore his side-arms at the nuptials. A little wide awake brother of the bride was attracted by the display of weapons, and as he has another sister whose "true love" is a carpenter, he boldly inquired: "Ma, when J— comes to marry Mily, will he wear his saw and hatchet by his side?"

Some joker says, when Yancey gets

home he will be as little able to recognize the Southern Confederacy as Lord Palmerston himself.

FITTED TO A HAIR.

Sometime ago, being in company with a medical man, whom I will call Mr. H—, we fell into conversation on the uses of the microscope, in the management of which he was an adept. "Now," said he, "I will tell you a story of what happened to myself—one which, I think, well illustrates the importance of this instrument to society, though I was put in a very unpleasant position owing to my acquaintance with it.

"I have, as you know, given a good deal of attention to comparative anatomy, especially to the structure of the hair as it appears under the microscope. To the unassisted eye, indeed, all hairs appear very much alike, except as it is long or short, dark or fair, straight or curly, coarse or fine. Under the microscope, however, the case is very different; the white man's is round; the negro's oval; the mouse's, apparently jointed; the bat's jagged; and so on. Indeed, every animal has hair of a peculiar character, and, what is more, this character varies according to the part of the body from which it is taken—an important circumstance, as will appear from my story, which is this:

"I once received a letter by post, contain-

ing a few hairs, with a request that I would examine them, and add, that they would be called for in a few days. Accordingly, I submitted the hairs to the microscope, when I discovered that they were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised. I made a note to this effect, and folded it up with the hairs in an envelope, ready for the person who had sent them. In a few days a stranger called and inquired whether I had made the investigation. 'Oh yes,' I said, 'there they are, and you will find them and their description in this envelope,' handing it to him at the same time. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

"It turned out, however, of more consequence than I had imagined, for within a week I was served with a subpoena, to attend as a witness on a *trial for murder*. This was very disagreeable, as I have said, but there was no help for it now. The case was this: A man had been killed by a blow with some blunt instrument on the eyebrow, and the hairs sent to me for examination had been taken from a hammer in the possession of the suspected murderer. I was put into the witness box, and my testimony, 'that the hairs were from the human eyebrow, and had been bruised,' was just the link in the chain of evidence which sufficed to convict the prisoner. He expressed himself as being much obliged, and offered me a fee, which, however, I declined, telling him that I could not think of taking anything for so small a matter.

"Take hold of my hand," whispers the aged one, tottering on through the shadows and snows of many years. As the lights of earth grow dimmer in the distance, and the darkening eye looks forward to see if it can discern the first glimmer of the heavenly home, the weary pilgrim cries out, even as the child beside its mother, for the Saviour's hand.

Oh, Jesus! Friend and elder Brother, when the night cometh, when the feet are weary, when the eyes are dim, "take hold of our hand!"—*Christian Treasury.*



THE EXCESS OF POLITENESS.

EXTREMELY POLITE GENT.—"Pardon me, madam, but I think you dropped this curl?"

[Lady is immensely obliged of course.]

mission—the importance of the field that has been assigned to her? And learning it, how shall she fulfil it, if she have not the sustaining, constant presence of One who loves His people?

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HORTENSE AND HER SONS.

One day the Duchess of Bassano gave a ball in honor of the Queen, and Hortense, although sad and suffering, left her *cousin*, and allowed herself to be dressed. Her fair hair, which, when unfastened, reached down to her feet, was arranged in the ancient Greek fashion, and ornamented with a garland of flowers. These were no natural ones, however, but made of diamonds. She wore a doo of rose-colored ermine, embroidered with a garland of large silver hortensias. The skirt of her dress and her train were garnished with violets and roses made of precious stones, and on her bosom glistened a bouquet of diamonds and hortensias. Neck lace and bracelets were of the same costly material, and represented similar flowers. In this splendid dress—it was a present, sent to her on the previous day by her mother—she entered the drawing room, followed by the richly attired ladies and gentlemen of her court who were to follow her in the ball. It was a fine sight offered by this room full of ladies glittering with diamonds, and of officers in rich uniforms. The sons of Hortense, who at this moment entered the *salon* to take leave of their "*bonne petite marmite*," stopped short, as if dazzled for the moment by so much splendor, and then approached the mother almost timidly. She seemed to appear before them like one of the genii in the Arabian Nights. The Queen guessed the thoughts of her boys, whose ingenuous faces resembled an open book, wherein every one of their feelings might be read. She stretched out a hand to each of the children, and proceeded to a chair, on which she sat down. The younger, Louis Napoleon, who was then six years of age, she took on her lap, whilst Napoleon Louis, two years older than his brother, remained standing at his mother's side, resting his curly head on her shoulder, and looking up with a thoughtful eye to her pale cheek. "Well, Napoleon," said Hortense, as she laid her white, elegant hand on the head of her eldest son, "do you not think I am very beautifully dressed to day? Should you love me less if I were poor, if I wore no diamonds, but only a simple black dress? Should you like me less then?" "No, mamma," replied the boy, almost coloring with anger; and on his mother's lap, repeated with tender voice the words of his brother, "No, mamma!" The Queen smiled and said—

"Diamonds and fine dresses do not make people happy. We three should love each other quite as well as we possessed home, but were poor. But tell me, Napoleon, what should you do, if you had nothing, and were left alone in the world? what should you do to maintain yourself?" "I should become a soldier," replied Napoleon, with glistening eyes, "and fight so valiantly that they should be obliged to promote me!" "And you, Louis? What should you do to earn your bread?" The little boy had attentively listened to what his brother said, and seemed still to be thinking about it. It appeared he considered the knapsack and the musket too heavy for him. He thought he was too young to be a soldier. "I," he said, after a pause, "I should sell bouquets of violets, like the poor little boy that stands at the gate of the Tuilleries, and to whom you always give something when passing." The ladies and gentlemen who had listened to the children's talk burst out laughing at little Louis's answer. "Do not laugh, ladies," the Queen

said, with a serious face, "it was no jest—I intended to give my sons a lesson, as I saw they were dazzled by the splendor of our diamonds. It is generally the misfortune of princes to imagine that they are made of different material from other men, and, therefore, have no obligations towards them. They rarely know anything about human sufferings and want, and think it almost impossible that these should ever assail them. As soon, therefore, as adversity befalls them, they are so surprised and disconcerted that they cannot find the strength to resist, but are crushed. From such a fate I will preserve my sons!" Hortense kissed the two boys, and went with her suite to the Tuilleries. The two little princes continued to discuss for a long time whether it would be easier to earn one's bread by becoming a soldier, or by selling violets at the gate of the Tuilleries.—*Memoirs of Queen Hortense, Mother of Napoleon the Third.*

MODE OF TAPPING MAPLES.

The season for tapping sugar maples having arrived, it may be timely to suggest a method of doing this, which is less injurious to trees than that of using an auger, which, by removing a part of the wood, inflicts incurable wounds upon trees thus tapped.

A sharp gouge, made for the purpose, may be used, whereby none of the wood is removed, and being followed by a spile or stout made for the purpose, the sap is drawn with little injury to the woody fibre of the tree. Take care and not drive the spile as far as the gouge was driven, lest the flow of the sap be prevented. By this process the tree, after the spile is removed, soon heals over, which is not the case when an auger is used.

That mode of tapping trees which is the least injurious to them should be adopted as preferable. We have seen trees that have been tapped with an auger until it was nearly impossible to bore into them without striking an old hole.

Owing to the high tariff on sugar and molasses, farmers will feel inclined to make as much maple sugar and syrup as possible this season.—*Mass. Ploughman.*

CHewing BONES, &c.—It is not well settled what it is that causes cows to chew bones, boards, leather, &c. Some say it is occasioned by a want of bone-making material, the phosphate of lime, perhaps. If this habit were confined to cattle that are poorly fed or thin in flesh, we might suppose that it grows out of a want of a proper quantity of nutritious food; but such is not the case. We have as often seen it in thrifty and well conditioned cows. It can do no harm to mix a little *bone-dust*, that is, ground bones, with meal, and feed to the animal affected, two or three times a week. Dr. Dadd says: "It is well known that phosphate of lime, potash, silicate, carbonate of lime, magnesia and soda are discharged in the excrements and urine of the cow. Supposing the cow's bones to be weak, it is possible that the gelatinous elements preponderate over those of lime, soda and magnesia."—*New England Farmer.*

PREVENTIVE OF THE CERCULIO.—Mr. C. Hubbard, of Detroit, publishes in the Michigan Farmer a statement that "common" elder bushes tied to the branches of plum trees had prevented the operation of the cerculio for three years in a garden he recently visited. His friend had been upon the place five years. The first two years he tried to save his fruits by shaking the insects upon them, with poor success. "An old Frenchman" told him to put elder bushes in his trees. He has done so for three years with the same success—a full crop of perfect fruit. The bushes were put into the trees every few days from the time the fruit was set until full grown.

SIGN OF A GOOD OX.—You should stand before him, and be sure he has a fine hazel eye, large nostrils, broad at and above the eyes, rather slim horns, toes straight out before him, straight in the knees, bosom full, back straight, and wide hips. If you find these points, you need not ask of what breed he is; but if you want one, buy him. A black-eyed ox is not to be depended on, as he will kick and be ugly, while a short-headed ox will start from the whip, but will soon forget it.

LONG-WOOLLED SHEEP.—Since 1845 the long-wooled sheep in Massachusetts have gained rapidly on the fine-wooled. In 1845 the latter numbered 45,000 more than all others; in 1855, 435 less than the coarse and midfine-wooled sheep, which now probably exceed the fine-wooled by 10,000. The causes for this are, the fluctuation in the price of fine wools, and the quick returns for mutton and lamb. Long-wooled or mutton sheep will probably take the lead hereafter in that State.

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PARSNIP FRITTERS.—Boil parsnips until tender; mash and season with butter, pepper and salt; make them in pats, dip them in butter, and fry in very little fat until brown; cover them with egg, and cook gently.

PARSNIP OYSTERS.—To one pint of mashed parsnips add three well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of butter, pepper and salt to suit the taste, and sufficient flour to hold the mixture together. Make into little flat balls and fry brown in butter.

PARSNIP CROISSANTS.—The word Timbuctoo, supposed to be rhymeless, was once mated by a London professor of mathematics, who was challenged to find a rhyme for it, in the following—

"If I were a cassowary,
On the sands of Timbuctoo,
I would eat a milstone,
Skin, and bones, and hymn-book too."

SAYS HE.—"Boys, don't be fighting for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividing, but sometimes combine—
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark;
So let that be his birthday!" "Amen!" says the Clark.

"If he wasn't a twin, sure our hist'ry'll show
That, at least, he's worth any two saints that we know!"

SO THEY WOULDN'T SEE RIGHT, WHY, THEY BLACKEN'D HIS EYE.

AT LENGTH BOTH THESE FACTIONS SO POSITIVE GREW,
THAT EACH KEPT A BIRTHDAY, SO FAR THEN HAD TWO;
TID FATHER MULCHAY, WHO SHOWS THEM THEIR SINS;

SAY "NO ONE CAN HAVE TWO BIRTHDAYS, BUT TWINS."

SAYS HE, "BOYS, DON'T BE FIGHTING FOR EIGHT OR FOR NINE,

DON'T BE ALWAYS DIVIDING, BUT SOMETIMES COMBINE—

COMBINE EIGHT WITH NINE, AND SEVENTEEN IS THE MARK;

SO LET THAT BE HIS BIRTHDAY!" "AMEN!" SAYS THE CLARK.

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